

# HONORABLE

ENTERTAINMENTS,

Compos'de for the Service of this  
*Noble Cittie.*

SOME OF WHICH WERE  
fashion'd for the Entertainment of the Lords of  
his Maiesties most Honorable Priuie Councell,  
vpon the Occasion of their late Royall  
Employment.

Inuented by *Thomas Attdleuon.*



Imprinted at London by G.E. 1621.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

*Sir Francis Ihones, Knight, L. Maior of the City of London; the Right Worshipfull, Sir Iohn Garrard, Sir Thomas Bennet, Sir Thomas Lowe, Sir Thomas Middleton, Sir Iohn Iolles, Sir Iohn Leman, Sir George Bolles, Sir William Cokeyne, Knights and Aldermen; The truely Generous and Noble, Heneage Finch Esquire, Master Recorder; Master Edward Barkham, Master Alexander Prescott, Master Peter Probye, Master Martin Lumley, Master William Goare, Master Iohn Goare, Master Allen Cotton, Master Cuthbert Hacket, Master William Halliday, Master Robert Iohnson, Master Richard Herne, Master Hugh Hamersley, Master Richard Deane, Master James Cambell, Aldermen,*

*Master Edward Allen. }  
Master Robert Duce. } Sheriffes and Aldermen.*

*All Brethren-Senators, Presidents of religious and worthy Actions, Carefull Assistants in the State of so ynnarch'd a Government; And all of them being his Worthy and Honorable Patrons.*

*T. M. Witheth the Fulnes of that Honor, whose Object is Vertue, and Goodnesse.*

**T***Hose Things that haue tooke Ioy (at severall Feasts)  
To give you Entertainment, as the Guests*

*A 2,*

*Thy*

*The Epistle.*



*They held most truly Worthy, become now  
Poore Suiters to be entertaynde by you,  
So were they from the first, their Suite is then,  
Once serving you, to be receivde agen,  
And You, to equall Iustice are so true,  
You alwaies cherish that, which honors You.*

Ever obedient in his Studies, to the Service  
of so compleate a Goodnes.

---

*Tho. Middleton.*

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## HONORABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

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On Monday and Tuesday in Easter weeke, 1620. the first Entertainment, at the house of the right worthy, *S<sup>r</sup>. William Cockaine* then *L. Mayor*: Which on the Saturday following was fashioned into service for the Lords of his *Majesties* most Ho<sup>ble</sup>. Privy Council, vpon which day, that noble Marriage was celebrated betwixt the Right Ho<sup>ble</sup>. *Charles L. Howard* Baron of *Effingham*, and *Mary*, eldest Daughter of the said *S<sup>r</sup>. William Cockaine*, then *L. Mayor* of London, and *L. Generall* of the Military forces.

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One habited like a Gentleman Sewer, bearing in his hand an Artificiall Cocke, conducted by the City Musicke, toward the high Table, a Song giuing notice of his Entrance.

B

SONG.

Honourable



SONG.

**R**oome, roome, make roome,  
    You Friends to Fame,  
Officers of worth and Name,  
    Make roome, make roome,  
Behold the Bird of State doth come,  
    Make roome,  
    Cleere the place,  
    O doe it all the grace;  
It is the King of Birds, whose chaunting,  
    And early morning Crowing,  
    So quicke and strongly flowing,  
    Doe's make the King of Beasts lye panting;  
How worthy then to be brought in with Honour,  
That daunts the proudest in that humble manner.

*Entertainments.*



*The Speech.*

**T**wo powers at strife about conceiv'd wrong,  
To whom this Bird should properly belong,  
Were reconcil'd by Harmony : First, the *Sunne*  
Cald it his Bird, cause still when day begun  
To ope her modest Eye, this Creature then,  
Proclaimes his glory to the world agen ;  
*Minerva* next, Goddesse of Armes and Art,  
Claymd it for hers (not without iust desert)  
He, like the Morning being the Muses friend,  
And then for courage, 'tis his life, his end ;  
Without wrong then those properties related,  
To both, hee may be iustly consecrated :  
But, *Worthy Lord*, how properly to you,  
Whose place pertakes of both ; it is so true  
An Emblem of your worth, charge, power, & state,  
None, Noblier can expresse a Magistrate ;  
For all that is in this Bird, Quality,  
Is in you Vertue, Iustice, Industry,  
What do's his early morning note imply ?  
But in you, early care and vigilancie ;

B 2

A

*Honourable*



A Duty that begets Duty to you,  
So Vertue still payes, and receiues her due:  
What do's the striking of his wings import,  
Ere to his Neighbour hee his sounds retort?  
But the decre labours and incessant paines  
Of a iust Magistrate, that e'en constraines  
His Nerues, to giue more Vertue to his word,  
And beate in sense into the most absurd:  
The Sharpest is the easiest to apply,  
For his quicke Spurre, Lawes sword doth signifie;  
The execution of your Charge and Place,  
To cut off all crimes that are bold and base:  
"Vertues should be with kind embraces, heep'd,  
"But with a Sword, Sins haruest must be reap'd.

*To the Aldermen.*

My reuerence next to you, to you, that are  
The Fathers of this City, by whose care,  
Wisedome & watchfulnes, the good cause thrives,  
You that are Lights and Presidents in Lives,  
Noble Examples, Honours t'Age and Time,

This

*Entertainments.*



This is the Top w<sup>ch</sup> your good cares must climbe,  
"A ceaselesse labour Vertue hath impos'd,  
"Vpon all those, whom Honour hath enclos'd,  
And such are you, selected from the rest,  
Works then that are most choice become you best;  
Place before all your Actions and Intents,  
The rare gifts of that Bird, this but presents:  
Behold the very shape and Figure, now,  
Serues for a Noble Welcome, turnd into  
A Cup of Bounry, and t<sup>e</sup> adorne the Feast,  
Loaden with loue comes to each worthy Guest,  
And but obserue the manner, there's in that,  
Freeneesse exprest, humility, yet State;  
First you take off his head, to tast his heart,  
Which shoves at this time power is laid apart,  
And bounry fills the place; then he goes round,  
To shew a Welcome of an equall Sound,  
To every one a free one, through the Boord,  
So plaine hee speaks the goodnesse of his Lord,  
Take then respectfull Notice through the Hall,  
That heere the noble Health begins to All.

*Honourable*



The Cock-cup then deliuered by this Gentle man Sewer to the L. *Mayor*, hee beginning the Health, a second Song thus honouring it.

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2. SONG.

**T**He Health's begun,  
In the Bird of the Sun,  
pledge it round pledge it round,  
With hearty welcome it comes crownd,  
O pledge it round:  
The Ceremonies due  
Forget not as they were begun to you,  
When you are drinke to, yare by duty led,  
First to kisse your hand, then take off the head,  
You cannot misse it then,  
To put it on and kisse is agen

*The*

*Entertainments.*



*The next to whom the Health doth flow,  
It taught to honour your Pledge so,  
So round, round, round, round, let it goe,  
As above, so below;  
For Bountie did intend it alwayes so.*

*Honourable*



The second Entertainment.

*At Bun-hill, on the Shooting day; Another  
habited like an Archer did thus greet the L. Mayor  
and Aldermen after they were placed in their Tent.*

**W**Hy this is nobly done, to come to grace  
A Sport, so wel becomes the Time & Place,  
Old Time made much on't, & it thought no praise  
Too deere for't, nor no honour in those dayes,  
Not only Kings ordaind Lawes to defend it,  
But shinde the first Examples to commend it,  
In their owne Persons honor'd it so farre,  
A Land of Peace shou'd like a field of Warre;  
But chiefly *Henry*, (Memories Fame) the Eight,  
And the Sixt *Edward*; gave it worth and weight,  
By Act and favour, (not without desert)  
It being the comliest and the Manliest Art,  
And whereas meaner Crafts took their first forme  
From humble Things, as Twisting from a worme,  
And Weaving from the Spiders limber frame,

*Musicke*



*Entertainments.*



*Musick* and *Archery* from *Apollo* came :  
He calls himself great Maister of this Sport, (Court:  
In whose bright name faire *Wisedome* keepes her  
Well may this Instrument be first in Fame,  
Above all others that haue got a Name,  
In war or peace ; when Heaven it selfe doth show,  
“*The Covenant of Mercy, by a Bow :*  
And as each Creature, nay, each sencelesse Thing,  
Is made a Glasse to see Heavens goodnesse in ;  
So though this be a meere delight, a Game,  
Iustice may see heere somthing she may claime,  
(Without wrong done to State) and call her own,  
Since the greatest power is oft through weakenesse  
What are Reproofs? with the I first begin, (known.  
But Arrowes shot against the Brest of Sin ;  
Who hits Vice home, & cleaves a wrong in twaine,  
So that it neuer comes to close againe,  
Shewes not he noble Archery ? He pray euer,  
He may be followed, mended he can neuer :  
And as a cunning *Bowman* marks his ground,  
And first light things (which being toft vp) is found  
Where the winde lits (for his aduantage best)

Before

*Honourable*



Before he let his Arrow passe his Brest ;  
So the graue Magistrate, discreetly wise,  
Makes vse of light occasions thar arise,  
To lead him on to weightier, windes a Cause,  
Frō things but weakly told, much substance draws  
And will the state of Truth exactly trye,  
Before he let the Shaft of Iudgement flie :  
Then in this Art, there's Vertue still exprest,  
For every man desires heere to be Best,  
Their Ayme is still Perfection, to outreach,  
And goe beyond each other ; which do's teach  
A Noble Strife in our more serious Deeds,  
Assuring Glory to him best exceeds :  
and where some sports seek corners for their shame  
*Day-light* and open Place, commends this Game;  
Much like an Honest Cause, it appears Bold  
In publicke Court, for all Eyes to behold ;

*To the Archers.*

On then, *Apollons* Scholers, You ne're found  
Nobler Spectators compast in this *Ground* ;  
To whom I wish (worthy their Vertuous Wayes)  
Peace to their *Hearts*, long Health, & Bleis'd daies.  
Vpon

## Entertainments.



Vpon the renewing of that worthy and laudable Custome of Visiting the Springs and Conduice Heads, for the Sweetnesse and Health of the City.

*A Visitation long discontinued.  
A Water-Nymph, seeming to rise out of the Ground by the Conduit Head, neare the Banquetting-House, thus greets the Honourable Assembly.*

**H**Ah? let me cleare mine Eyes, me thinks I see Comforts approach, as if They came to me; I am not vsde to e'm; I ha beene long without, How comes the Vertue of the Times about? Ha's Ancient Custome yet a Friend? of Weight? So many? rare! Goodnesse is wak't alate Out of her long Sleepe sure; that ha's laine still Many a deere Day, charm'd with *Neglect* and *Will*, I thought I'd beene forsaken, quite forsooke, For none these 7. yeares, ha's bestow'd a Looke Vpon my watry Habitation here; I meane, of *Power*, that ought to see Me cleere,  
For

Honourable



For yon'd faire *Cities* health, which Sweetnes bleſſe  
And Vertue in full Strength, ever poſſeſſe;  
Well fare thy Viſitation, *Noble Lord*,  
And this moſt Graue *Assembly*; that accord  
In wayes of *Charity* and *Care* with Thee;  
*Joyes* viſit You, as Your *Loues* viſit Me:  
The *Water* ſtands ſo full now in mine Eyes  
I cannot chuſe but weepe; but the Teares riſe  
From *Gladneſſe*, not from *Sorrow*, for that's loſt  
Now I ſee you, Vnkindneſſe yet ha's coſt  
Many a deere *Drop*, ſince I beheld the Face  
Of the laſt Magiſtrate, in *Power* and *Place*;  
Tha done good Service; t'is no boaiſting part  
In one forgot, to ſpeake her owne deſert:  
I grant my kind and louing Siſters both  
*Chadwell* and *Anwell*, haue expreſt no Sloth  
In their Pipe-Pilgrimage, but fairly proou'd  
Moſt excellent Seruants, houſ'de, and welbelou'd;  
And haue, when hard Neceſſity requires,  
Giuen happy Quench to many mercileſſe Fires;  
Therefore am I neglected? An old Friend?  
The Head? that to the Heart a'th City ſend

My

*Entertainment.*



My best and cleereſt Seruice, take Delight  
To be at hand, make your Dames Pure and White;  
Who for their ciuill Neatneſſe, are proclaim'd  
Mirrours of women, through all Kingdoms ſam'd;  
Can I be ſo forgot? and daily heare  
The noiſe of *Water-bearers* din your care?  
Thoſe are my Almes-folkes, trotting in a Ring,  
And liue vpon the bounty of my *Spring*,  
Yet like dull wormes that haue no ſence at all,  
Lick vp the *Dewes*, ne're look from whence they fal,  
The head's not minded, whence the goodnes flows:  
So with the worlds condition right it goes;  
“Bleſſings are ſwallowed with a greedy loue,  
“But Thanks flye ſlowly to yon'd place Aboue,  
From whence the Euerliuing Waters ſpring,  
Which to your ſoules eternall comforts bring:  
The *Dewes* of Heauen fal on you, prosperous Fates  
Like fruitfull Riuers, flow into your States.

Vpon

Honourable



Vpon discontinuance,  
and to excite them to  
practise.

A Speech intended for the ge-  
nerall Training, being appointed  
for the Tuesday next ensuing the  
Visitation of the Springs, but vpon  
some occasion, the Day deferred.

*Pallas on Horsebacke, on her Helmes the figure of a  
Cocke, her proper Crest, thus should haue greeted  
the L. Generall the L. Mayor Sir William Co-  
kaine, at his entrance into the Field, the worthy Co-  
lonels, the right Generous Mr: Alderman Hamer-  
sley, President of the Noble Councell of Warre, for  
the Martiall Garden, the Captaines, &c.*

WHY here's my wish, the Ioy I liue vpon, (one,  
Wisedome and Valour when both meet in  
Now tis a Field of Honor, Fames true Sphere,  
Me thinks I could eternally dwell here;  
Why here's perfection, tis a place for me,  
*Pallas* delights in such community;  
This Bird of Courage, (Enemy to Feare)

Whose

*Entertainment.*



Whose Figure on my Helmet now I weare,  
And haue done euer from my Birth in Heauen  
Is consecrate to Me, as to Thee giuen,  
Our Crest's alike, and fits both warre and peace,  
The Vertues are, Valour and Watchfulnesse,  
And both shine cleare now in thy present State,  
*Field-Generall, and City-Magistrate:*  
As I from Arts and Armes deriue my name;  
So thou suppliest two Offices, with Fame:  
Why here the Ancient Romane Honor dwels,  
A Prætor, Generall; Senators, Colonels;  
Captaines, graue Citizens; so richly inspir'd,  
They can assist in Councell, if requir'd,  
And set Court-Causes in as fayre a Forme,  
As they doe Men, here, without Rage or Storme:  
Lieutenants, Ensigners, Seriants of Bands,  
Of worthy Citizens the Army stands,  
Each in his place deseruing faire respect;  
I can complaine of nothing but Neglect,  
That such a noble Cities Arm'd Defence  
Should be so seldome seene; I could dispence  
With great occasions, but alas, whole yeares

To

*Honourable*



To put off exercise, gives cause of feares ;  
" In getting wealth all care should not be set,  
" But some, in the defending what you get:  
There's fewe but haue their prouidence so pure,  
(Blest with a faire estate) to make it sure,  
By strength of writings, and in good mens hands  
Putting their Coyne, secur'd by Lifes and Lands,  
This is the common Fort to which all flye,  
Euery man labours for Security ;  
But what's all this? (I speake in Truths behalfe)  
If neither Men, City, nor Deeds be safe,  
Where's now Security of State? that day,  
When life stands doubtfull of her house of clay ;  
A ruine, which neglect of glorious Armes  
H'as brought on many a Kingdome, rockt with  
Of lazy dulnesse, by vnpractis'd men (charmes  
Fit for no seruice ; I resolue you then ;  
This is Security, if you'll rightly know,  
And do's Secure that Word which you call so :  
Let not a small pecuniary Expencc  
(Which is but drossie dotage) keepe you hence,  
You lose all that you saue, after that manner,  
What



Entertainments.



What's fit to rise in riches, fall in honour?  
Nay to your Safeties to commit selfe-treason,  
Which euery thing provides for, blest with reason,  
Let this graue *Lord's Example*, (in its Prime)  
Who perfects all his Actions with his Time,  
Makes euen with the *Teare*, to his faire Faune,  
Gives His Accounts vp with a Glorious Name  
In Field and Court, moue all men to discharge  
Their manly Offices and paines at large;  
Let euery *Teare* (at least) once in his Round,  
See you like *Sonnes of Honour* tread this Ground;  
And Heauen that both giues, & secures iust welch,  
The City bleile with Safety, You with Health,

C

At

*Honourable*



Upon Simon and Iudes day  
At the House of } following being the last great Feast  
Sir William toke in; } of the Magistrates Yeare, and the  
                                  } expiration of his Pretorship,

One attir'd like a Mourner, enters after a made Dish  
like a Horse, stuck with sable Bannercets, Drums and  
Trumpets expressing a mournfull Service.

---

*The*

---

*Entertainments.*



*The Speech.*

**I**Magine now, each apprehensive Guest  
The *Yeare* departed; this his *Funerall Feast*,  
I, a chiefe Mourner, this a sad Pageant, here,  
Set with the Orphans Sigh, the Widowes Teare,  
All seeme to mourne, as lockt from their reliefes,  
Till the *New Sun* of Iustice dry their griefes;  
And as there is no Glorious thing that ends,  
But leaues a Fame behind it, that commends  
Or disapproues the *Progresse* of his Acts:  
So in this Epiraph, sad Truth contracts  
A spacious Story, which spread forth at large,  
Might instruct All, built vp for Power & Charge.

*Honourable*



*The Last Will and Testament of 162.  
finishing for the City.*

*Imprimis*, I *Annus* 630. do bequeath to my Successor 21. all my good wishes, paines, labours and reformatiōns, to bee nobly perfected by his endeavours and diligence.

*Item*, I make Iustice my Executor, and Wise-dome my Overseer, w<sup>ch</sup> is, that Honorable Court which neuer failed yet to see Iustice performed.

*Item*, I giue and bequeath to all the Officers, for Legacies; Truth, Temperance, Example of Humility and Gentlenesse.

Lastly, I bequeath to the whole Body of the beloued Commonalty, three inestimable Iewels, Love, Meeknesse and Loyaltie; which are alwaies the forerunners of a blessed prosperity; which heauen grant they may everlasting enioy.

*The*

*Entertainments.*



*The Epitaph.*

**H**ere ends a *Yeare* that neuer mispent day,  
Through Farnes celestial *Signes* made his own  
By discrete iudgement all his time still led, (way,  
Which is the onely *Signe* gouernes the Head,  
Mercy to wants, and Bounty to Desert,  
The speciall *Signe* that rules the noble Heart,  
A *Yeare* of goodnesse, and a *Yeare* of right,  
In which the honest cause sued with delight.  
A *Yeare* wherein nothing thar's good, was dull,  
Began at Moones Encrease, and ends at Full;  
Full cup, full welcome: adding the Suns gift,  
Who nearer his declining, the more swift  
In his illustrious course, more bright, more cleere,  
Such is the glorious setting of this *Yeare*,  
His beamy substance shines e'ne through his shroud  
As the faire Sun shoots splendor through his cloud;  
May every *Yeare* succeeding this, still haue  
No worse an Epitaph to decke his Graue,  
And so my last farewell (this *Yeare* for me)  
Wishing that many may conclude like Thee.

*Honourable*



**At the House of the Right Honora-  
ble Sir Francis I bones.**

The property, to which  
this Speech especially hath  
Respect, was a device like  
a made Dish, expressing  
Two naked Armes break-  
ing through a Cloud,  
supporting a wreath of  
Lawrell, being part of the  
Haberdashers Armes.

*The First Entertainment,  
at his first Great Feast pre-  
pared to give Welcome to his  
Own Noble Fraternitie, the  
Company of Haberdashers.*

---

*The*

---

*Entertainments.*



*The Speech presented by a servant to Comus,  
the great Sir of Feasts.*

**F**Ree Loue, full welcome, bountie fayre, & cleere,  
E'en as it flowes from Heauen, inhabit here,  
And with your Liberall Vertues blesse the *yeare*,  
Make this thy Pallace thou smooth youth of Feasts,  
*Comus*! and put Ioy into all the Guests,  
That they may truly taste in fewest words,  
Th' Abundant welcome yon'd Kind Lord affords,  
Especially to You, about the rest,  
Of all most worthy to be First and Best;  
You challenge two Respects, in Brotherhood, one,  
Which had desert enough came it alone,  
Without a second Vertue, but to adde  
Vnto Your Worthinesse, Your Loue was clad  
With Honor, Cost, and Care, and how applide,  
The late triumphant Day best testified,  
Stands in no need of my applause and praise,  
Your Worth can of it selfe, it selfe best raise;  
So much for Noble Action in your Right,

*Honourable*



Which I presume his goodnesse will require:  
Now for Himselfe, (not far to wade or swim)  
I borrow of your Honours to fit him,  
Which both preserves me in my first bounds still,  
And may agreet best with his Loue and Will:

*Here the Property is presented.*

Behold in this rare Symbole of Renowne,  
The Embleme of all *Iustice*, and the Crowne  
The faire reward for't, ever fresh and Greene,  
Which imitates those Ioyes Eye hath not seene,  
These *Armes*, that for their nakednesse resemble  
E'en Truth it selfe, no couering, to dissemble,  
Nor shift for Bribe, but open, plaine, and bare,  
Shows, *Men of Power* should keep their conscience  
And were their Acts transparēt, without vaile (faire  
Disguize or Vizard, and such neuer faile;  
Obserue this more, tis not one *Arme* alone  
That beares this *Laurell*, but two ioyn'd in one,  
*Mercy* and *Iustice*, the two Props of State,  
They must be both fixt in the *Magistrate*;



### Entertainments.



If wanting either, subiect to much harme,  
For he that ha's but one, ha's but one *Arme* ;  
Iudge then the Imperfection ; marke agen,  
They breake both through a Cloud ; which in-  
structs Men

How they should place their Reuerence and their  
Loue,

Seeing all lawfull power, comes from Aboue ;  
And as the *Laurell* (which is now your due)  
Bring due to Honour, therefore most to you,  
Feares no iniurious Weather the Yeare brings,  
But spite of Storins looks euer greene and springs,  
*Apolloes* Tree, which Lightnings neuer blast,  
So (*Honor'd Lord*) should burning Malice cast,  
Her pitchy Fires at your Triumphant State ;  
You are *Apolloes* Tree, a (*Magistrate*.)  
Which no foule Gult of Enuy can offend,  
Nor may it euer to your *Lordships* End,  
Health and a Noble Courage blesse your Dayes ;  
To this your worthy *Brotherhood*, fame and praise

For

*Honourable*



At the house of  
the Right Honora- } *For the Celebration of the Ioyfull*  
ble Sir Francis } *Feast of Christmas last.*  
Thomas L. Mayor,

*Leuity*, a person attired sutable to her  
condition, from a Window, vnex-  
pectedly thus greets the Assembly in the  
midst of the Feast.

*Leu.* **W**Hy well said, thus should *Christmas* be  
Lightsome, locond, blithe and free,  
Now it lookes like *Bounties* Pallace,  
Where every Cup ha's his full Ballace,  
Drowne Cares with Iuice that Grapes haue bled,  
And make Times cheeke looke fresh and red,  
Let nothing now but *Healts* goe round,  
And no sooner off, but crown'd  
With sparkling Liquors, bounding vp,  
Quicke in Pallet, as in Cup:  
To be heauy, to be dull,

*Entertainments.*



Is a fault so pittifull,  
We bar it from the course of Reason,  
Care must not peep abroad this Season,  
Nor a sad looke dare appeare  
Within ten Mile of *Christmas* cheere;  
Sighes are banisht ten leagues farder,  
Either Cellar, Hall or Larder;  
To be Iouiall then and blithe  
Is truly to pay (*Christmas*) Tithe,  
And where free Mirth is and impartiall,  
*Christmas* there h<sup>e</sup>as made me *Marshall*.

---

Seuerity,

---

Honourable



Seuerity, from an opposite window, as vnexpectedly reprocues her.

*Sen.* Why how now ? know you where you are ? rude thing ;

Bold and vnmann'd & *Licenc'd*, dare you bring  
Your free Speech hither, before me begin ?  
Who let this Skittish thing of *Lightnesse* in ?  
Some call the *Porter* hither, yet stay, stay,  
I'ue power in words to chase this toy away ;  
I wonder that the *Musique* suffers thee  
To come into their roome ?

*Len.* Why *Nicety* ?

*Sen.* Beloeue me honest Me (what e're you be)  
She's able to spoyle all your Harmony,  
Corrupt your ayres with *Lightnesse*.

*Len.* Oh fie, fie,

How ill you blaze my Coate, *Seuerity* ?

*Sen.* Is this a place for you ? can *Lightnesse* here  
Vnder the Hazard of her Shame appeare ?

*Len.*

## Entertainments.



*Leu.* Why thou dull lumpish Thing, void of all  
fashion,  
Mirths poyson, Enemy to Recreation,  
Thou Melancholly wretch, so fil'd with spite  
Thou eat'st thy heart, when others take delight,  
I must be merry, tis my nature—

*Sen.* Foole.

*Leu.* Dull dogbolt.

*Sen.* Skit.

*Enter below,*

*2 Temperance.*

*Temp.* What ? this a Scolding Schoole,  
How now ? so he got ? and so lowd withall ?  
Whose doing wa'st plac't you two there to braule ?  
Pray marke the *Assembly*, looke vppon e'm well,  
Thinke where you are, and let that rude thought  
quell

Your vnbeseeeming difference, tis not heere  
As at a *Pit*, here's Reuerence, Worth, and Feare.

*Leu.* She taves this place and season suites not me.

*Temp.* She sayes but right in that,

*Sen.* O *Lewisy*,

*Temp.* No, nor you neither,

*Leu.*

*Honourable*



*Len.* You may be gon too,

*Temp.* Y<sup>e</sup>re Both Extreames, therefore no place  
for you,

*Lightnes* becomes not, nor *Senerity*,

It must me betweene both, and I am *Shce*,

Too *Light*, is bad, and too *Senere* as *Vilde*;

But both well temperd, makes the mixture milde,

As I stand now betweene you, so it makes

A perfect Vertue vp, when it pertakes

Of each, and comes no neerer then I doo,

And Vertue made, We haue no neede of you,

Vanish, be gon.

*Sen.* I giue place willingly

To You, but not to Her.

*They giue place.*

*Len.* Nor I to Thee,

*Tem.* So, Thus things should haue their be-  
comming grace,

For *Temperance* fits the Reuerence of this place :

Graue *Senators*, in goodness still encrease !

Long

*Entertainment.*



Long may you Live to celebrate this Feast,  
This bleſſed Season of true Ioy compile  
In which faire Heauen and Man were reconcilde:  
*Musique?* thou modeſt Seruant to this place,  
Raiſe chaſt *Delight*, to doe this Season grace.

---

*A Song?*

---

*Honourable*



*A Song?*

*Answered at severall places,*

*Eccho ! Eccho !* by thy loue once to *Narcissus*,  
I now coniure thee not to misse vs,

But make thy Sound

Vppon the Woods rebound

And Mountains—*Ecch*: And mountains,

And to thy neighbouring Sisters cal,—Sisters cal,  
Log'd in Caue or hollow Wall

And thole resounding neere faire Fountaines

*Ecch*: Neere faire Fountaines,

Let e'm call to one another — To one another

—one another—

And one Sister rayse vp tother

*Ecch*. — vp tother —

Let it goe from me to you — From me to you

—Mee—to you,

From you to them, be iust and true

—Iust and True

Neuer



# Entertainments.



Neuer cease your Voyces Flight,  
Till you raise vp chaite *Delight*

—Vp chaite *Delight*.

*Delight*—Who calls me from my Caue  
Twas I—Twas I, Twas I;

This is no Time in silence now to lye

*Delight*— Who I?

O I,

This is a *Season* of all Ioy compilde,  
In which faire *Heauen* and *Man* were reconcilde

Ecch—*Heauen* and *Man* were reconcilde,

Ecch-Reconcilde,

Behold how many a worthy *Guest*

*Are met* to celebrate this *Feast*.

*Delight*—I see it plaine, O blame me then,

I ne're will shoue such Sloth agen;

*For whose* delight am I now raide?

Oh for the *Citties*!

*Delight*—How? for the *Citties*?

Ecch-- For the *Citties*:

*Del.* To faile a *Mistrie* so renown'd it were a thou-  
sand pitties,

C

Ecch-

*Honourable*



*Eccb. — Thousand pitties.*

Those are her *Honor'd Sonnes* you now behold,  
*Del. Heauen* bleſſe them all, with *Graces* manifold.

*To the Muſique.*

*Temp. So!*

Tis thankfully accepted, y<sup>e</sup> haue expreſt,  
Your ſervice well and fully to this *Feeſt* :  
Adorn'd and honor'd in each happy part,  
With thoſe moſt reuerend *Patrons* to Deſert :

*The Cloſe !*

Ioy neuer faile your meetings, good ſucceſſe  
All your Endeouours, and your Fortunes bleſſe,  
Gladnes of heart dwell euer in your Breſts,  
And Peace of faire Workes bring you glorious  
Reſts.

At

## *Entertainments.*



At the House of the Right Ho- norable S I R Francis Ihones, L. Maior,	{	For the solemne feast of Easter last, upon the Times of that blessed and laudable Custome of Celebrating the memory of Pious workes in this Citie, at Saint Mary Spittle.
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### *The Inuention.*

The foure Seasons of the Yeare,  
*Spring, Summer, Autumne and Winter,*  
 In a Song into foure parts diuided, Call  
 vp *Flora*, the Goddess of the Spring, who  
 in a Bower, deckt with Artificiall Flow-  
 ers, appeares upon the Muscicall  
 Innocasion.

Honourable



*The Song ! at severall Windowes.*

Spring **F**Lora, Flora!  
*We call thee heere,*

Sum. *We call thee heere,*  
*From forth thy fragrant Bower,*

Spri. *Thou Quene of every Laughing Flower,*  
*Appears !*

*Appears to vs,*

Sum. *To vs appears :*  
*Thou Banquet of the Teare,*

Spri. *Or if a Name may be more sweet, more deere,*  
*Hark, Summer hark,*

Sum. *Mark, Autumn, mark,*  
*How coughing Winter monques to see*

*This smiling Hower,*

Win. *Would it were nipt for me,*  
*But soft I feele no such decay*

*But I may live to kisse faire May,*  
*And in the Morne and Evening bowers,*  
*Leane my cold sweats upon the Flowers.*

Spri.

Entertainments.



Spri. *Alasse poore Mumps, at thy weak power  
We laugh,  
The Sun will rise and take thy cold Kisse off.*

*And now behold,*

Win. — Oh — Oh — O —

Autum. *He's struck cold  
As Floraes first appearing,  
Looke, in a Sound,  
Will drop to'th ground,  
Helpe, helpe, helpe, he wants your cheering.*

Win. *Oh I confesse*

Feild Emperesse,  
*The Beauty of thy power amazes,  
I am content to ioyne  
With those three Friends of thine,  
And helpe to chant thy prayes,*

All. *Now all the Seasons of the Ycare agree  
To giue, (Faيرة Flora) the prime place to Thee.*

*Honourable*



Flora, rising in her Bower, calls forth two  
of her Seruants.

*Flo.* Where's *Hyacinth*! the Boy *Appollo* loude,  
And turnde into a *Flower*?

*Hy.* Here, *Queene* of sweetnes.

*Flo.* *Adonis*! thou that for thy beauteous  
chastity,

Wert turnde into the chastest of all Flowers,  
(The cloisse-infolded *Rose*) blowen into Blushes  
It is so mayden-modeest,

*Ad.* What's thy pleasure  
Fairst *Empresse* of sweete Odours,

*Flo.* Willing Seruants!

I haue Employment for you both, and speedy,

*Both.* We waite with much Ioy to receiue the  
charge on't;

*Flo.* Hast, to the two Assisting *Magistrates*,  
Those worthy City *Consuls*,

Beare our sweete wishes to e'm, and speake Ioy

From vs, to both their Feasts,

And to that part of their Graue-worthy *Guesse*

Which

*Entertainments.*



Which here we misse to day, though here be those  
Whom we ought more especially to Honor,  
Say though we cannot there our selfe appeare,  
Because we owe our greater seruice here,  
Yet that they shal not faile of all their due,  
We send the wishes of our Heart by you.

*Hy.* Which shall be faithfully tendred,

*Flo.* Tis presum'd;

But to this faire *Assembly* present now  
I, and these yeelding *Sweetes* all their heads bow  
In honour of this *Feast*, of the *Day*, chiefe,  
Made solemne by the workes of your Reliefe,  
Your Cares, your Charities, the holy Use  
Of pious exercise; all which infuse  
Blessings into your Fortunes, you abound  
In temporall things, 'cause blest fruits are found  
Vpon the Stocks you graft on, marke the Encrease,  
You plant poore *Orphans* in a ground of Peace,  
And carefully provide, when fruit time comes,  
You gather *Heauens* Ioyes for't, in infinite Summes;  
This day you view'd the *Garden* of those *Deeds*,  
That blesse the *Founders*; and all those succceeds

Honourable



In Zeale and Imitation you saw there,  
Vertues true *Paradise*, drest with your Care;  
(Your most religious Care) and those *Blew Sets*,  
They are the Cities *Bancks of Violets*  
That smells most sweet to *Heaven*; never cease then  
You worthy *Prasidents* for *Times* and *Men*,  
Till *Charitie* spring, (by your Examples giuen)  
As thick on Earth, as Rewards stand in *Heaven*;  
If there were sloth or faintnes tow'ard good works;  
(As blest be *Heaven* there is not) Time instructs,  
The *Season* of the *Yeare*, for as the Ground,  
The heauiest and dullest Creature can be found,  
Yet now begins both in her *Meades* and *Bowers*  
To offer vp her Sacrifice, in *Flowers*, (blest,  
How much more ought that Earth with a Soule  
Which is of euery of you here possesse,  
To spring forth Workes of Piety and Loue,  
To gratifie those Dewes fall from Aboue;  
And as the humblest *Flower* that euer grew,  
Ha's not his *Scent* alone, but *Vertue* too,  
Good for Mans griefes; so tis not Mans full Fame  
To haue a Christian *Sauour*, or a Name,

An



*Entertainments.*



An empty voice of Charity and Reliefe,  
He must apply Ease to his Brothers grieve;  
“*Faith* is the Sent and Odour of the Flower, (cr;  
“But *Work* is the Vertue, that makes good the pow-  
Tis like the Tincture of those *Roabes* you weare,  
In which cleare *Vesture* you to me appeare  
Like Borders of faire Roses; and worne hie  
Vpon the *Cities* forehead; that rich *Dye*  
As it is reuerend, honourable, graue,  
So it is pretious, wholesome; which doth craue  
A double Vertue at the Wearers hands,  
*Iustice* and *Mercy*; by which goodnesse stands:  
Thus *Honour* still claimes *Vertue* for his Due,  
And may both euer lay iust claime to you:  
What? the foure *Seasons* of the *Yeare* struck dumbe?  
I lookt for a kind Welcome, now Im’e come.

2. Song, by the foure Seasons! called  
the Song of Flowers.

Spr. **W**elcome, O welcome, *Queens of sweetnes*  
welcome, in the noblest manner,  
Wish

*Honourable*



*With all thy Flowers, thy sweete breath's Maides  
of Honour;*

*Sum. Flower gentle ! I begin with Thee,*

*Aut. Fayre Flower of Chrystall ! that's for me,*

*Spr. Apples of Loue ! there sweetnesse dwels ;*

*Win. Pub, giue me Canterbury Bels ;*

*Spr. Faire double. Gold cups, griefes expelling,*

*Sum. Agnus Castus, all excelling,*

*Aut. Venus Bath ! the loneliest pride of Iune,*

*Win. Giue me that Flower, cald, Go to bed at noone,*

*Spr. Blessed Thistle, sam'd for good,*

*Sum. Shepheards Pouch, for stanching blood,*

*Aut. Faire yellow Knight-wort, for a foule relapse,*

*Win. And Ladies. Mantle, good for Maydens Paps,*

*Spr. Tuffe Hyacinth ! that crownes the Bower,  
Cald offome, the Virgins Flower ;*

*Win. Take that for me, more good I feele*

*In Ruffling Robin, and Larkes Heele.*

*Spr. There is a Sweete, I named yet,*

*The root is white, the Marke of pure Delight,*

*Bearing*

*Entertainments.*



*Bearing his Flowers faire and his,  
The colour like a purple Dye:*

*Win. What is the name tis blest withall?*

*Spr. Liue-long ! is so the Shepheards call ;*

*Win. Liue-long ? tis Vertues promis'd'Due*

*And may it Long remaine with You*

*Honor'd Patrons,*

*Vertuous Matrons,*

*Whose Lives and Acts this City graces,*

*Daily striving,*

*And renewing*

*Workes worthy your renowne and places.*

*Flo. So ya're confirm'd ; from your harmonious*

*Clofes*

*May Sweetnesse drop, as Hony-Dew from Roses,*

*Then turning, to the Lord Mayor  
and Aldermen.*

*A blessed Health possesse you, and a long,*

*That in this latter Spring of your graue yeares,*

*You*

Honourable



You may be Greene in Vertues, and grow strong  
In works of Grace, which soules to *Heaven* endeers;  
your good Cares, here, *Iustice*, and well spent houres  
Crowne you hereafter with eternall *Flowers*.

*Hyacinth, and Adonis, sent forth by Flora, to the  
2. other Feasts, thus sets off their Employments.*

**T**He goddesse *Flora*, Empreſſe of the *Spring*,  
Chusing (this *Feast*) her *Flowry* Sojourning,  
Vnder the Rooſe of the chiefe *Magiſtrate*,  
Whoſe power layes iuſt claime to the greateſt ſtace,  
Hath ſent me forth, nor meanest in her Grace,  
To breath forth her ſweet wiſhes to this place;  
Firſt to the Maſter of this bounteous Feaſt,  
To ſpeake her ioy; next, to each worthy Gueſt;  
And though ſhe cannot now her *Selfe* appeare,  
Be cauſe ſhe owes her greater Seruice there,  
Yet her Hearts Loue to every one I bring,  
To whom ſhe's ſent a Preſent of the Spring.

*Then ſaies into the former ſpeech of Flora, making  
Uſe of her diuine inſtructions.*

Here

*Entertainments.*



Here followes the worthy and Noble

*Entertainments* of the *Lords* of his Ma-  
*iesties* most Honourable *Privy Councell*; at  
the Houses of the Lord Mayor,  
and Sheriffs.

The first *Entertainment* vpon Thursday in  
*Easter* weeke beeing the fift of Aprill, 1 6 2 2.

And vpon the sixteenth of the same Month  
those Persons of Honor receiued their

*second Noble welcome, in a free and*

*Generous Entertainment, at the*

house of the Right Worshipfull,

Mr. Sheriffe *Allen*; *Flora* the

Person vsed before, thus  
prepared for  
them.

*Fls.* **A** MI so happy to be blest agen?  
With These! the *choise* of many thousand  
For *Royall Trust* selected, and a Care (men,  
That makes you Sacred; may the world compare

**A**

*Honourable*



A Confidence with yours ? from so compleate  
And excellent a *Master* ? Or so great  
And free a Love can any *Nation* shoue  
In Subiect to the *Soueraigne*, then doth flow  
From this most thankfull *Citty* ? Waues of Loue ?  
Ee'n ouerwhelme each other, as they moue,  
All struiuing to be first, they runne in one  
To'th *Oceans* Brest ! (the *Kings* Affection.)  
And you of *Honor* ! that doe oft appeare  
In presence of a *Maiesty* so cleere,  
So mighty in *Heauens* blessings, be so kind  
To grace with Words what He shall euer find,  
And tis a glorious *Truth*, and well besecmes  
Places and *Persons* of your faire Esteemes,  
Not all the *Kingdomes* of the *Earth*, containe  
A *Citty* freer to her *Soueraigne*,  
More faithfull, and more carefull ; obserue here  
His *Hignes* excellent Tryall ; *Loue* and *Fear*  
Make vp a Subiects duty, to his *King*,  
As *Iustice* and sweete *Mercy* makes vp *Him* ;  
So two fold *Vertue* two-fold *Dutie*, cheeres,  
He knew their *loues*, now came & toucht their *fears*  
To

*Entertainments.*



To try their Temper, (O blest *Heaven*) he found  
It was the *Fear* he lookt for, had it's ground  
Vpon Religion, Reuerence, sweete Respect,  
*Loue* lookt not Louelier, nor Diuinelier deckt,  
Each reprehensiu word *He* did impart  
Flewe, and cleaude fast to their obedient *Heart*,  
Twas fire within their bosome, could not rest,  
Till in some serious manner, they'de exprest  
Their duteous Care, with all speede put in *All*  
Their *Soueraignes* sacred pleasure, to coast  
Where manners failde, and force, as with a Pill  
From *Humours* rude, the Venom of the Ill;

*"A Kings owne Admonition, against Crimes,*

*"Is Thisicke to the Body of the Times.*

And herein did *He* Imitate the *Highest*,  
(To whom it best becomes *Him* to be highest)  
To chasten, where he loues, it is the Seale  
Of the *Almighties* fauour, *He* doth deale  
So with his *Chosen*, doe not languish then,  
Thou *Prince of Citties*, cause the *King of Men*  
Diuinely did reprocue thee, Know, tis *Loue*,  
Thou art his Chosen *Cittie*, and wilt prooue

(A)

*Honourable*



(As thou hast ever beene) faithfull and free,  
The *Chamber* of his sweete Security :  
Then in a *Health* of loy your Hearts expresse,  
Whilst I breath welcome to those Noble *Guesse*.

*The Song of welcome, after which Flora thus  
Closes the Entertainment.*

*A Trust of Honor, and a Noble Care  
Still to discharge that Trust, Keepe your Fames faire,  
You have proceeded carefully, goe on,  
And a full Praise Crowne your Progression.*

The last *Entertainment* full as Noble and  
worthy as the former, vpon the Saturday  
ensuing, being the 22. of the same Moneth,  
*at the House of the equally Generous and  
Bounteous, the Right Worshipfull,  
Master Sheriffe Dunc.*

*Flora*



*Entertainments.*



*Flora, this the third time, in her Bower,  
beginning to speake, interrupted, by  
her two Seruants, Hyacinth  
and Adonis.*

*Fl.* **G**OOD Heauen

*Hy.* Fye, this is vsurpation meereely,  
Speake thrice together? there's no right in this:

*Fl.* What's that?

*Ado.* I haue the iuster cause to take exceptions,  
This is the place I seru'd in, lately seru'd in,

E

And

Honourable



And by her own appointmēt, my wrong's greatest.

*Flo.* Here's a strange sudden boldnesse a' both  
sides a' me,

*Hy.* Wa'it not sufficient grace for you to speake  
At the chiefe *Magistrates* houte, there, where that  
*Lower*

Was first erected, but to shift your seate  
From place to place, pull downe, and then set vp,  
I wonder how the scapes *Informers*, trust me.

*Ad.* Beleeue me to doe I, sh'as fauour shewne  
her.

*Flo.* So, this becomes you well,

*Hy.* There's right in all things,  
We might haue kept our places as we held e'm,  
There's little Conscience in your dealing, thus,  
You might haue left the *Lower Bookes* for vs,  
For our poore seruice.

*Flo.* Thus I answer you,  
Taking my President from the iust care  
Of those cleere Lights of *Honour*, shining faire

To

*Entertainments.*



To their Workes *End*; you see before your Eyes  
The *Trust* that was committed to their wise  
And discreet Powers (for his *Highnesse* Use)  
They put not off to others, with excuse  
Of wearinesse, or paines; as they begun,  
In their owne *Noble Persons* see all done:  
So, by their sweet *Example*, I that am  
Your *Quene* and *Mistress*, and may rightly blame,  
And taxe the boldnesse of your ruder blood,  
I doe not thinke, or hold my selfe too good  
In mine owne Person, to commend their Cares  
That haue so iustly seru'd their *King*, in Theirs,  
Now you pull in your Heads.

*Bob.* Pardon sweet *Quene*.

*Flo.* Yet why should Anger in my brow be scene  
They came but to shew duty to the Time,  
Contention to doe Service was their Crime,  
That's no ill looking fault; but 'tis still knowne,  
"They that giue Honour, loue to doe't alone,  
It brookes no Partnership: — To giue this last

D 2

*Duty*

Honourable



*Duty* her Due, as others before past,  
Though it came now from men of meaner *Rank*,  
Where welch was ne're known to overflow the bank  
Like Spring-Tides of the Rich, that swell more hie,  
Yet tak't for Truth, it comes as cheerefully,  
All smiling Givers; and well may it come  
With smooth and louing Faces, the small Summe  
That they returne, is thousand times repaide  
In *Peace* and *Safety*, besides *Souveraigne* Ayde  
For each Hearts Grievance, (to its full content)  
By this high *Synode* of the *Parliament*;  
Before whose faire, cleare, and *Unbribed* Eyes,  
(When it appears) *Corruption* sincks and dies,  
Secure *Oppression* once, comes trembling thither  
(Stead of her hard heart knoks her knees together  
This Benefite is purchas'd, this Reward  
To which all Coyne is drolle to be compar'de :

But, the faire *Workes* concluded, on all parts,  
Your *Care*, which I place first of all deserts,  
And it becomes it, t'as beene nobly Iust,

You

*Entertainments.*



You haue discharg'd with Honor your hie Trust:  
The *Cities Love*, I must remember next,  
And faithfull *Duty*, both deuoutly mixt,  
And (as the State of *Court* sets last, the *Best*, )  
His boundlesse *Goodnesse*, not to be exprest,  
That is your *King* and *Master*, *Blessings* fall  
Vpon His Actions; *Honor*, on you *All*.

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*FINIS.*

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